

THE
Johnson Journal



Spring 1941

April, 1941

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



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EDITORIAL



WE, WHO ARE AMERICANS

It certainly is a great privilege to be a citizen of America but one which I'm afraid we do not regard highly enough because it has come to us so easily, just as all the other great things of life have come to us from our parents, and those who love us. America is a dream come true for most of our foreign born people, and for us, its own children, it is a glorious land of opportunity, where, if we will, we can make our dreams come true, too.

But it is also a great responsibility to be an American citizen. We love our country—yes! We love our parents—yes! But what are we giving them in return? Giving is the test of loving. We, as young men and women, should learn our obligations and responsibilities—as well as our privileges, as stated in the Constitution.

Our first duty then, is to study and know the provisions of the great charter of our national life. We cannot play the game of the life of a true American without learning its rules. One flag, one country, one nation! Love our own country and honor our own flag.

The Constitution guarantees an open ladder to success for every man, woman, and child, who can climb as high as his capacity will allow. But we must remember that we have to work to get this; laziness carries no guarantee. We must live up to the "American's Creed" which was written by William Tyler Page. This states: "I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, and for

the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortune. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies."

We, as true Americans know America for the land of opportunity. We believe in hard work and reverence hard labor. We know we are free to bring out the best that is in us provided we do not trespass upon the rights of others. We realize every right has a corresponding duty, every privilege a corresponding obligation. We also know that the truest work of good citizenship is a high regard for our fellow men and a readiness to serve them and sacrifice for them. We have full faith in American democracy, not in Nazism, Communism, Fascism, Socialism, or any other ism. We believe in obedience to law; in a majority rule as the foundation of representative government; and, therefore, in a wise choice of capable leaders. We regard public office as a public trust. We recognize that Democracy is not yet perfect, and that only by constant watchfulness can American democracy be preserved. We love our country and would fight for her and gladly lay down our lives for her that she may live.

Monica F. Spires, '43

WHY LEARN TO BUDGET?

Many people go through life without ever learning to budget their expenses in such a way as to get the most for what they spend. This is a serious mistake. If one has a great deal of money, he can make a great many mistakes without suffering badly for them. If one's income is not very high (and most are not) it is important that he get as much as possible from every penny he spends.

Some people do not decide what they will spend. If advertisements are attractive many people are taken in by them. Some people are induced by high pressure salesmanship to buy articles for which they have no use.

Some people do not make a list of their needs with the most urgent things first. They go on, just buying things when they get an idea that they want them. If, at the first of the month, their pockets are fairly well filled, they spend freely without realizing what their situation will be at the end of the month. When the month is half over, they are borrowing money from someone or going without essential things.

There is another class of people who are filled with false pride. They think that they must spend money as other people do. They must "keep up with the Joneses." If they see someone buying something, they feel that they, too, must buy it. They feel that they must spend as much as their friends do even though their friends have more money.

If one is to have any degree of happiness or even peace of mind, he must learn to make out a budget and hold to it. He must make a list of the essential fixed expenses which he will have. He must then make a list of those things which are essential but

do not have fixed amounts. He then puts down the things which he would like to have, if he can afford them. He must, however, keep within his income except in real emergencies. It is entirely right to accept aid under conditions of necessity. One should not, however, become selfish or soft. He should not depend upon others when he can look after himself. Social science teaches us how to make out a budget and keep it. It will probably help us greatly in the future as it also helps us now.

Whether you have much or little, learn to spend it wisely. One of the most universal causes of unhappiness is borrowing and going into debt. It is a source of worry to all of us at times, and a great many people are nearly always burdened by this worry.

Josephine Tardiff, '41

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL

When you go shopping you are continually saying to yourself, "Am I getting the most for my money?" You should also ask yourself, "Am I getting the most out of high school? Are my returns worth what I am putting in?"

Do you make the most out of what the high school offers you, or do you just sit there all slumped over in your seat with eyes half closed and a deaf ear turned to the recitations? Are you letting the social sciences teach you how to be a good citizen, or do you learn your lesson for today and forget it tomorrow? Do you get all A's in your English tests and then kill the language when you leave the classroom?

After all, there is no sense in putting hours of study into preparing a subject and then, just as soon as that class is adjourned, not practic-

ing what you have learned. We all know the right thing to do—when we are called on we all give the correct answer—but when it comes to actually doing the thing we don't do it out of school in the accepted way. The trouble with us is that we don't put our knowledge to work; we reserve it just for the classroom.

Although we don't know it, we are cheating ourselves. No one can help us, no one can see to it that we get what is coming to us; we must do that ourselves. It is entirely up to us to see that we get the most out of high school.

Bernice Brierley, '41



LITERARY



TYPES OF STUDENTS

Seeking inspiration I glance searchingly around the room. In the last seat, farthest from the teacher, sits one of the popular members of the football team. Beside him one of the sophomore girls frequently rattles paper and even drops a pencil to attract his attention. However, his huge bulk is sprawled in his chair (a bit hanging over) in such a position that it would take a few ounces of energy to look in her direction. Instead he thoughtfully studies the light switch, trying to turn it on by mental telepathy or power of suggestion.

In the front seat, with books piled high, is the class pride wading through seven editions of Shakespeare's plays. His eyes gleam and my attention is caught until he exclaims, "There's the quotation they had on *Information Please* last night."

Slightly disgusted, I turned to the next corner. Here is a sophomore boy, elastic in hand, scanning the room for someone to snap it at. Then, catching the teacher watching him, he quickly settles down to the mysteries of math.

In the next corner are several junior girls getting hysterical over some mistake in the history book. In front of them is a freshman girl who hasn't developed her sense of humor enough to appreciate the huge joke.

And in the middle of the room sit I, wondering if the light switch will snap on itself or our friend will have a sudden surge of energy and turn it on himself; if the sophomore boy will finally get detention; if any more quotations from Shakespeare will be used; and wishing frantically that I could find out what the mistake in the history book is.

Doris Wilson, '42

THOUGHTS ON BASEBALL

Let us go back in our imagination, if we may, to a summer's day in a little upstate New York village, Cooperstown, in 1839. Cooperstown was the birthplace of baseball. Baseball had never been played anywhere on earth before Abner Doubleday laid out the first diamond there a little over one hundred years ago.

Now (to be a credit to yourself and to your team) there are three rules which you must follow while playing the game. "Play Fair! Play Hard! Play for the team!" The three

rules are very important to any sport, but I think fair play is the most important. The boy in the bleachers always has his heroes of the diamond, and they are his teachers. By them his ideals of sport are powerfully moulded. The standards which the boys accept in the bleachers they will carry into later life. A great player, then, must be a true sport.

Frank Stewart, '42

AN ADVENTURESOME BOY

My father introduced me to a sport when I was only a lad of seven years. It was fishing, the pastime of the well-known Isaac Walton. I learned all the phases of fishing and when I reached my early teens I had resolved to make this my life's work. I saved my money which was hard-earned on a paper route and by working in a market. I planned to spend that summer on the seashore making enough money at fishing to live a decent life. I suggested the idea to my father who promptly and absolutely refused to consider my wonderful plan to make a living.

The next morning, after leaving a note of farewell and sorrow and telling them not to worry, I was on my bicycle traveling towards the seashore. I had money and food and a compass to assure me I was going southeast towards the Cape. For four hours I pushed those pedals down before I rested and ate a little. I was very tired and had a very small appetite. I started off again on my balloon-tired bike, pedaling up and coasting down hills. I accidentally ran into a pot-hole and went over the handlebars onto the asphalt road. I scraped my arm severely and bumped both knee-caps besides getting scared. When I straightened my mud-guards and sat on the seat it

was only to discover a flat tire caused from the collision with the hole. It was about time for the sun to go to sleep so I looked for a barn in which to sleep the night through. I knew I wouldn't be able to rent an over-night cabin because the proprietors have to report all juvenile travelers. I didn't mind the smell so much but the fact that the hay was wet annoyed me.

The next morning I felt very sick, either from the dampness of my bed or from the thought of paying for a new tire and tube. When I hit the pot-hole the compression of the air had split both tire and tube. This set me back two dollars and ten cents. Being inexperienced in putting on a tire I wasted a precious half of a day. Just after noontime I was on the road trying to make my aching muscles work hard to make up for lost time. A slow drizzle of rain started but I pedaled on for seven hours regardless of the increasing storm. Luckily I found a good dry barn and after spending most of my surplus money on a good steaming meal of sea food I felt much better.

Although I had a good night's sleep and a very good meal I still felt tired and had that sickly feeling. I spent my remaining money on a good breakfast but when I got on the bike to start off I thought my tired and aching muscles had quit working for me. I pedaled all morning until my legs refused to push themselves any more. I gave the bike one last push and coasted down a hill to the house on the seashore at the bottom. There was a sign out, "Boy Wanted!" I went in and spoke with a big burly fisherman and he fed me and told me he was going out that afternoon to catch some fish for lobster bait. Of course I had to row his rowboat, a thing which my tired body

did not want to do. We anchored almost a mile off the shore and started fishing. I never caught a fish and the coarse line cut my hands. I began to get sick and was coughing and sneezing and felt like vomiting. I tried to be brave because I needed the job. When I woke up I was in my father's car riding home. Yes, my father had followed me all the way and he had even put up that "Boy Wanted!" sign.

John Stewart, '43

THIS WORLD OF FASHION

Fashion can do or undo a lot for a person. Take my Aunt Marianne Smythe, for instance. Of course her name isn't really Smythe; it's Smith. But she talked poor Uncle Dave into changing it with the idea that it was more fashionable and would "get them higher." So it has been *Smythe* for eight years now but Aunt Marianne still goes to a thirty-five cent hairdresser and Uncle Dave still works hard from eight to five each day. Maybe what Aunt Marianne meant, when she said that *Smythe* would "get them higher" was that *Smythe* would keep her nose higher up in the air. The elevation at which she keeps it certainly needs some support.

Speaking of Aunt Marianne, I have to mention little Junior. If he were a girl, he'd be an exact reproduction of her. He's a spoiled brat (and that's putting it mildly) although she'd have you think that he's "a dear, sweet child." To be sure, "sparing the rod and spoiling the child" might not be sound theory, but an occasional sound spanking might humble him to a desirable degree. "No," says Aunt Marianne, "they're not spanking their children." Every Saturday afternoon he attends a much despised dancing school be-

cause *they* are all sending their children to dancing school.

Aunt Marianne sends Uncle Dave to several club meetings each week just because *they* all belong to clubs. To be sure, the clubs are practically made up of men who go because their wives make them. Little wonder that the clubs are dry. Instead of common interest groups they are groups of bored men, using these organizations as refuges. Instead of having interesting and cultural lectures, movies, and music, they have lavish parties to which they invite their wives (who, indirectly run the clubs).

Many school boys and girls come home on report card days with flunking marks, saying, "They all flunked. It's O. K." It isn't O. K., either that they flunked, or that *they* ruled them. Too many school pupils run around town at night because *they* do. The same principle applies to churchgoers. People go or don't go, because *they* do the same. *They* even determine the reaction toward the sermon.

The other day I was walking along Essex Street in front of two women. From their conversation (not that I was eavesdropping. I gathered that one was to buy a dress. "I have nothing to wear," said she, "but that blue one, and they're not wearing that shade of blue this season."

I felt like yelling, "Who are *they*?"

She reminded me of Aunt Marianne, who is always discarding coats and dresses because "they're not wearing that shade of blue this season." These women, and even men, who stick to fashion when it practically kills their individuality!

People also have a very unattractive way of fashioning their personalities. They like oyster soup (even if a spoonful of it makes them look sick) because the cream of town so-

ciety likes it. You know the Johnny Browns who vote for Jones for president because the *crowd* approves of him.

Why don't we begin styling ourselves and our personalities? Yes, there is a difference between fashion and style. Style is individual suitability. It is perfect taste as perfectly suited to the individual. You know what fashion is—.

Beatrice Britton, '42

MY MOTHER'S COMPLEX

My mother has what we call a tramp complex. She just can't seem to turn one away from the door, and many a tattered, down-at-the-heel wanderer has gone away from our house cheered by a cup of coffee and a sandwich and fortified so that he can walk a few more miles. The only returns this brings to my mother, as far as I can see, is more tramps. I think there is somewhere a sort of Hobos' Club where the names of all the "easy marks" are listed. Consequently, when a Weary Willy is in our neighborhood, we have a caller.

I must confess that in this way we get a very interesting insight into tramp character, and we have had many interesting sessions. Take, for instance, the sleight-of-hand tramp. He was a rather cocky young man, who wanted to entertain us for ten minutes in return for a dinner, so my mother brought him into the kitchen, and after putting away a good meal, he asked for a pack of cards. He surely gave us our money's worth and we sat open mouthed around the kitchen table while he made cards disappear, flipped out the Jack of Spades, or brought nickels from under the dishes.

Then there was a little old soap salesman, perhaps not quite a tramp, who, after consuming an amazing

amount, left us with several cakes of highly perfumed soap of all colors. Another panhandler wanted to chop wood for a dinner, but pleaded he was too weak to chop before dinner. After he had eaten a good square meal, and was given the axe, he disappeared after chopping about two sticks.

Still another odd specimen, after having a glass of milk and a sandwich asked to lie down on the porch couch for a nap. He rambled on continually, telling us that he had been a bank president and had thousands in a Boston bank if he could only get there. We called the police and asked them if they knew of any escaped lunatic.

Some just frankly ask for something to eat and walk off with a "Thank you, M'am" or "God bless you."

When we argue with Mother about it, saying that she encourages begging, she just gives us a look and says, "Who knows? They were probably all good boys who haven't had any luck."

George Barker, '43

CANDID CAMERA

The train looked like a huge sprawling creature, desolate and wounded, lying silent and spent in the white waste of the desert.

"Dinah! Dinah! Where are you?" The thin querulous voice stopped on a high note—then in a sweet cooing tone, "Why, Mr. Jennings, where did you come from? Isn't it terrible about this breakdown, and I just have to get to Hollywood by tomorrow night. You must have heard about my new contract." A soft white hand flickered up to touch the miraculously smooth blond hair. "But of course we can't blame anyone—these things do happen, don't they?"

Now a note of disappointment—"Oh, are you going so soon? But I'll see you at lunch, won't I? Well, au revoir." Once again she took on her original tone, harsh and coarse. "Well, Dinah! It's about time you showed up—Whataya think I'm paying ya for? Doesn't the railroad know I have to be there or I don't get another chance. I'll show 'em, I'll sue 'em." The door shut with a sharp slam on these last words.

Perhaps the tiny boy was the only one that was happy about the breakdown. It sure was great—Nurse forgot all about saying, "Davie, did you wash your hands? Davie, how do you get so dirty?" etc. He guessed that railroad engineers were the nicest people in the world. They understood a fellow—never saying do this, or do that. You had to think for yourself, sometime. How did they ever expect you to make something of yourself. By gosh! If it was the last thing he did, he was going to be an engineer. "Davie? Davie?" Then in a tone of disgusted resignation, "Yes, Nurse, yes—I'm coming."

A tiny, withered figure of an old woman was huddled against the window, watching the men working on the train. Between her gnarled, rough hands a rosary was clutched, the beads worn smooth and thin from years of constant use. While her still-bright eyes intently watched the movements of the men, her thin, sunken lips kept up a whispering prayer, "Our father who art in heaven," she knew she shouldn't have come on this train. Hadn't she told Dominic that they weren't safe? Something would happen—hadn't she told them? "Hallowed be thy name. thy kingdom come!" But her Rosa was sick in a strange city—the telegram had said very sick. She had to go to Rosa, her Rosa, her little baby.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven". Why couldn't they hurry! "Give us this day"—her Rosa—her baby.

Madeline Cashman, '41

"THIS IS THE JOB FOR ME, SIR!"

During the Civil War my grandfather shouldered his musket for the Northern forces and often did he relate to my mother hair raising tales of war.

Yes, I'm proud of my grandfather and especially did I thrust out my chest in pride when mother told me of one particular deed he performed for his fellowmen.

The army was encamped at Bull Run in the South. The battle had been long and fierce. Grandfather's battalion had been cut off from the other forces and the men were badly in need of medical and food supplies. There was no food in camp. Twenty-four hours passed. Darkness descended over the tattered remains of the battalion.

Finally, the general arose and stepped forward. The noise and groaning of the very few remaining men ceased. He looked around him with sorrow in his eyes and said, "Men, you all know that we are without supplies of any kind, and," he paused, "you know how badly they are needed. Is there a man in this crowd who will volunteer to risk the dangers of going behind the enemy lines to bring back as much food as he can carry?"

A dead silence followed these words. After a minute or two of this uneasy silence a throat was cleared and a voice said, "General, Sir, this is the job for me!"

The General turned quickly to see that it was the voice of a young Irish lad.

"But, Patrick," he exclaimed, "you

are so young it would not be fair to let you face the dangers."

"Sure and 'tis true I am not as old as some here," said the boy, "but 'tis I who was lucky enough to have escaped without getting but a bit of a scratch here and there."

"All right, Pat, my boy," smiled the general. "Go, and may luck be with you!"

After receiving instructions, my grandfather started out on the hazardous journey. After crawling on his hands and knees for miles over dead and wounded bodies, through mud and under intensive fire from the enemy, he reached the forces, secured as many supplies as he could carry, and renewed his hardships by crawling back over the course he had taken before, this time with a heavy load on his back.

After many hours he reached the camp, exhausted but triumphant. From that time on, "Young Pat," as he was called, was regarded with affection among the men of that particular battalion as the stubbornest, yet most daring young Irishman in the Northern Army.

Ursula Fitzgerald, '44

A SOPH'S LAMENT

I'm a lowly sophomore
And nobody listens to me,
But I'd like to remark
That I'm quite in the dark
As to just what a sophomore
should be.

They say to be meek and humble,
I know that is true for a fact.
But there in assembly
They say to be friendly
And now I don't know how to act.

The seniors say not to be smart
But the teachers say how smart to be.
Though I'm only a soph
I know somebody's off
And I'm not at all sure that it's me!
Eileen Driscoll, '43

WISHES

I wish that I could go to sea
And sail upon the main,
Amid the ocean's foamy spray
I'd find my home again.

I wish that I could touch the sky
And feel the soft, deep blue
That smoothly, softly floats above.
Why can't this wish come true?

Perhaps if I could touch the sky,
Or even go to sea,
The wonder of these lovely things
Would cease to be for me.

Marguerite Costello, '41

WHISPERING PINES

Many times I have lain here
Listening to your whispering song.
I've often wondered what you hear,
You've been on earth so long.

You tower above me, high up there
Looking down on all the earth,
You wave your lofty heads in air,
As if laughing with merry mirth.

I wish that I might be like you
So sturdy, straight and tall.
If I but knew your secret too,
I would not feel so small.

If I could only face the storm,
And be a victor strong as you,
I'm sure I'd find life sweet and warm,
And rise up for the good I'd do.
Glenn R. Farley, '41

SPRING

The winds blow soft and low
The air is soft and clear
This is the time of youth and joy
This is the spring of the year.
Robert C. Gray, '44

BY A MOONLIT LAKE

They met there by a moonlit lake,
The maiden and the knight.
He'd stopped to let his charger rest,
Weary from its flight.

The knight had fought for good

King Earle.

He said he would return.

And though she waits so patiently,

For him her heart does yearn.

The months have passed, the years
passed too.

Her life is getting late

And when the moon comes o'er the
lake

She goes to sit and wait.

She talks as though he too were there

Sitting by her side;

The noise is just the wind itself

As it starts its lonely ride.

So if you go there by the lake
When the moon is hanging low,
You can see her sit there dreaming
Of that night so long ago.

Doris Broadhead, '44



CHATTER



"WHAT A LIFE" WILL BE "A WOW"



The school play, entitled "What a Life" and depicting the life of that well-known fictional radio character, Henry Aldrich, will be well worth the admission fee from

all reports. It has a cast of outstanding merit and will have the audience in hysterics from start to finish, if we can believe what we have been told—and I'm sure we can. It will be staged Thursday and Friday, April 24th and 25th. Any person who sells 5 tickets will receive one for his own use. The price is only 40c, and it is well worth it, so get out and sell some, not only for the reward you will receive but also for school spirit and for the great cause

which the school stands for. And those who don't want to sell tickets, buy them, and buy as many as you can—you may want to see it twice, anyway. It won't be hard to sell these tickets, so go to it. The cast follows in order of appearance:

Miss Shea	Jacqueline Hutton
Mr. Nelson	Thomas Lesure
Mr. Patterson	Robert Kimel
Miss Pike	Jean Swanston
Bill	Robert Garneau
Miss Eggleston	Bernice Brierley
Mr. Vecchitto	Dennis Connelly
Henry Aldrich	Julias Ceplikas
Barbara Pearson	Barbara Colebrooke
Gertie	Claire Lambert
Mr. Bradley	Joseph Finneran
Miss Wheeler	Helen Lang
George Bigelow	Robert Wainwright
Mrs. Aldrich	Evelyn Lee
Mr. Ferguson	Daniel Valpey
Mary	Monica Spires

NEWS AND NOTES

Reminders that the school year is rapidly approaching a close are being received almost every day around the halls of Johnson. Talk of the year book, the senior class ballot, senior pictures, guidance cards, special assemblies, senior class meetings and the school play—are all heralding the hasty arrival of graduation and the close of the 1940-41 school year.

SENIOR HONOR STUDENTS ANNOUNCED
FACULTY ADVISERS ASSIGNED

At a special assembly called recently, the names of the three senior honor students were announced. After making the announcement and adding that the three had maintained a mark of 91.5 or higher as an average for the four years they have been at Johnson, Mr. Hayes assigned Faculty advisers to all students. The following are the honor pupils:

Joseph C. Finneran, son of Selectman and Mrs. Joseph M. Finneran of 66 Railroad avenue, took top honors as valedictorian.

Second place to Miss Barbara P. Dearden, salutatorian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Dearden, of 64 Second street.

The honor of being Class Essayist was bestowed upon Thomas B. Lesure, son of Mrs. Mabel Lesure of 47 Prescott street.

All three are popular in school affairs. Miss Dearden was a member of the championship Girls' basketball team. Congratulations are in order for all three.

PRIZE FOR HIGHEST

CHEMISTRY MARK

As has been customary in past years, the pupil who receives the highest mark in the annual chemistry exam will be offered a cash award. The amount of the prize is \$10, to be presented to the winner

at Commencement exercises. The test will be held on May 22nd and will last 1½ hours. It is open to all juniors and seniors who are now taking or have previously taken chemistry.

17 SENIORS WILL GO TO

COLLEGE NEXT YEAR

Of the 95 seniors at least 17 definitely plan on college next fall. Of the remainder several had high hopes and good chances of going, numerous others had possibilities, and some were undecided. This is an unusually high number as compared to previous years.

SAFETY TALK TO FRESHMEN

AND SOPHOMORES

Highly educational moving pictures followed by an unusually interesting talk on safety, constituted a special assembly for the freshmen and sophomores. A representative of the State Registry of Motor Vehicles (through whose courtesy the assembly was made possible) showed movies on the construction of automobiles and safety on the highways. The pictures were of General Motors origin. The gentleman afterwards talked on safety, and brought out the point that the record of the North Andover students was one of the best to be found around as far as safety was concerned and he hoped his visit would be an incentive for them to keep it that way.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

HELD BY LEGION

The annual Oratorical Contest under the auspices of American Legion, North Andover Post 219, was held recently with Johnson represented by three senior boys. This contest is held in conjunction with those being held by Legion Posts all over the country for pupils of high school age as part of the

Legion's Americanization program. Our representatives were: John Greenler, Thomas B. Lesure and Joseph C. Finneran. The latter was the winner, and entered the community contest in Lawrence.

RESULTS OF SENIOR

CLASS MEETING

The president of the Senior Class reports the outcome of the election for the writers of the Class Will, the Class Prophecy, the Class History and the Class Oration. The honors are as follows: Class Will, Connie Krushwitz; Class History, George Emmons; Class Prophecy, Bernice Brierly, and Class Orator, John Greenler. Maroon and gold were chosen as the class colors.

YOUR INQUIRING REPORTER

Is the detention system worth while?

Senior boy: Yes. There has to be some way of disciplining students who disobey the rules of the school. The present demerit system along with detention is a satisfactory way of coping with misdemeanors.

Sophomore girl: Yes. You can get your homework done.

Freshman boy: No. I can't think of any reason.

Freshman girl: No. The students don't take it seriously.

Junior boy: I don't know.

Junior girl: Yes. Students don't mind demerits but they do mind sitting in the detention room.

Sophomore boy: No. I've been in there eighteen times already.

Senior girl: No. Deportment marks are more effective. The parents can then see for themselves how their children behave in school.

Senior boy: No. Positively no. I can't think of any reason right now.

Dierdre Ryan, '44

MEASURES TAKEN TO

PREVENT THEFT OF PROPERTY

Things have come to such a pass in the Girls' basement that it has been necessary to post a guard there at all times to prevent theft of the girls' belongings. It is too bad some people cannot leave other people's things alone.

BIOLOGY STUDENTS SEE

TUBERCULOSIS MOVIES

Many of the biology students saw moving pictures on tuberculosis presented by the Essex County Health Association recently. The picture was entitled "Goodbye, Mr. Germ," and told the story of tuberculosis by the aid of a cartoon.

FRENCH CLUB ACTIVITIES

The French Club has spent several enjoyable meetings having a vocabulary match in French. They also have been doing the favorite American pastime—Cross-word puzzles—in French.

VICTORY OVER HAVERHILL

Johnson won the debate with Haverhill High School April 8. Marguerite Costello and Thomas Lesure debated for Johnson. They supported the negative side of the question, "Resolved: That the power of the Federal Government should be increased."

SOPHOMORES AND JUNIORS—

ATTENTION

The officers of the sophomore and junior classes wish to announce to the class members that it is impossible to arrange another dance. Upon request of a great many, sophomores and juniors solicited authority from Mr. Hayes to do so, but were told by him that it would be impossible to do so because of the late period of the year and the large and ever-mounting number of

affairs already planned. The officers want the members of their classes to know that they have tried to arrange another dance and found it impossible through nobody's fault.

ALUMNI NOTES

Allison Pitkin '34—a class officer in the Graduate School of Social Work at Boston University '41.

Marcia Barker '40—Jackson College.

Florence Vernile '38—Training at Lawrence General Hospital.

Elinor Cole '40—MacIntosh.

Joseph Jacob '40—Army.

Virginia Carvell '39—Radcliffe.

Helen Greenler '39—Emmanuel College.

Frances Debrowski '38—Radcliffe.

Stewart Stillings and Thomas McCubbin—Studying Aeronautic Engineering in California.

Philip Young '39—Massachusetts State College.

Robert Miller '39—Northeastern University.

Rosealice Hargreaves '38—Training at Lawrence General Hospital.

Thomas Barron '36—Army, Quartermaster Corps, stationed at Camp Edwards.

Herbert Barwell '38—Bridgton Academy.

Katherine Wainwright '40—Training at Lawrence General Hospital.

Mary Dandeneau '38 — Salem Teachers' College.

Mary Peel '39—Radcliffe.

William J. Amshey '39—Boston College.



EXCHANGES



The Lawrencian, Lawrence H. S.
Lawrence, Mass.

Well, well, well, we find the *Lawrencian* in the midst of a big celebration. It's their fifteenth anniversary. Orchids and roses along with our congratulations. "Meet the Student" is a new one on us and we think it's a good idea.

The Aegis, Beverly H. S.
Beverly, Mass.

Your literary selections were outstanding. Where do you find such interesting subjects? We missed a sport section. How about it?

From *The Aegis*: Silence isn't always golden; sometimes it's just plain yellow.

The Meteor, Berlin H. S.
Berlin, N. H.

Your magazine has a very professional air about it, slick paper,

make-up and content. We couldn't find one of our favorite departments, the Exchange column. And no Sports Column!

Tiger Highlights, Ogden H. S.
Ogden, Utah

Your humor column, "They say," was a side-splitter. Found your news very interesting. Here are some of the things they say:

"I like exams, I think they're fun, I never flunk a single one, I'm the teacher."

"Ruth rode on my cycle car, directly back of me,
I hit a bump at fifty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly."

More and more exchanges have been coming in this semester. We hope they will continue. They were generally good.



SPORTS



LOWELL SUBURBAN BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS JOHNSON VS. BURLINGTON



The Johnson girls traveled to Burlington to play on the Burlington floor. The forwards in excellent trim scored 32 points to Burlington's 7. The guards doing excellent work on the defense, with Shirley Harrison outstanding, held the Burlington girls to no floor baskets. Helen Polichnowski was high scorer with 19 points. The final score was 32 to 7.

JOHNSON VS. HOWE HIGH

Playing on the home court the girls had a tough contest, ending in a twelve all tie. The girls all played hard and showed up well against strong competition, still holding their undefeated record.

JOHNSON VS. CHELMSFORD

The Johnson girls, playing host to the Chelmsford girls, won again. Helen Polichnowski was high scorer with 25 points. The final score—36 to 30.

JOHNSON VS. TEWKSBURY

The Johnson girls met the Tewksbury girls on their floor. With the guard exceedingly strong on the defense, and the forwards, in perfect form, the girls won again by a 20 to 17 victory, with Jeanne McNab outstanding.

JOHNSON VS. WILMINGTON

On their home court the Johnson girls played the Wilmington girls

who were holding top honors so far. With good, clean playing from all the six girls, the girls proved too much for the strong Wilmington sextet. The final score—43 to 14.

JOHNSON VS. DRACUT

The Dracut girls journeyed to meet the girls on our gym. The Johnson guards, proving too strong for the weaker forwards, held them to only 13 points. Helen Polichnowski was high scorer with a total of 25 points. The final score was 37 to 13.

JOHNSON VS. HOWE

Traveling to Howe High in search of another victory the Johnson girls once again ended on top. They beat the strong Howe High six, by a score of 27 to 17.

JOHNSON VS. CHELMSFORD

For the first time in the season the girls lost their first difficult match by a close score of 24 to 26. The girls played a fine game, with Barbara Dearden standing out among the forwards.

JOHNSON VS. TEWKSBURY

Meeting the Tewksbury High girls on their own floor, the Johnson girls again went into a winning streak. They beat the Tewksbury High by a score of 26 to 17. Helen Polichnowski tallied 22 points.

JOHNSON VS. BURLINGTON

The last game of the league the Johnson girls ended up in a 49 to 17 victory. With Shirley Harrison strong on the defense, and Helen Polichnowski scoring 29 points, they proved once again too strong for the opposing team.

The girls' final standing was, lost 1, tied 1, and won 10. They were

the winners of the Lowell Suburban Basketball League.

The Johnson High girls also participated in the Woburn tournament. They won the first game from the Stoneham Girls' Club, by a score of 32 to 12. Meeting the Winchester Y. W. C. A. team in the next game, the girls also won. The final score was 26 to 19. Entering the semi-finals the girls lost their first game to the Union Club of Wollaston. Nevertheless the girls won their final game from the Woburn Y. W. C. A. team by a score of 32 to 17. Capturing consolation honors, the girls got a large bronze trophy for Johnson High, and each player received an individual 8-inch trophy. Individual awards went to Helen Polichnowski and Shirley Harrison. Helen Polichnowski received a medal for the second best all-journey player, and a medal for the most points in one game. Shirley Harrison received a medal for getting picked on the all-star tournament team.

With only three defeats through the whole season, and fourteen victories, the girls proved very successful. This was the first time in four years that the Johnson girls have been Lowell Suburban champions.

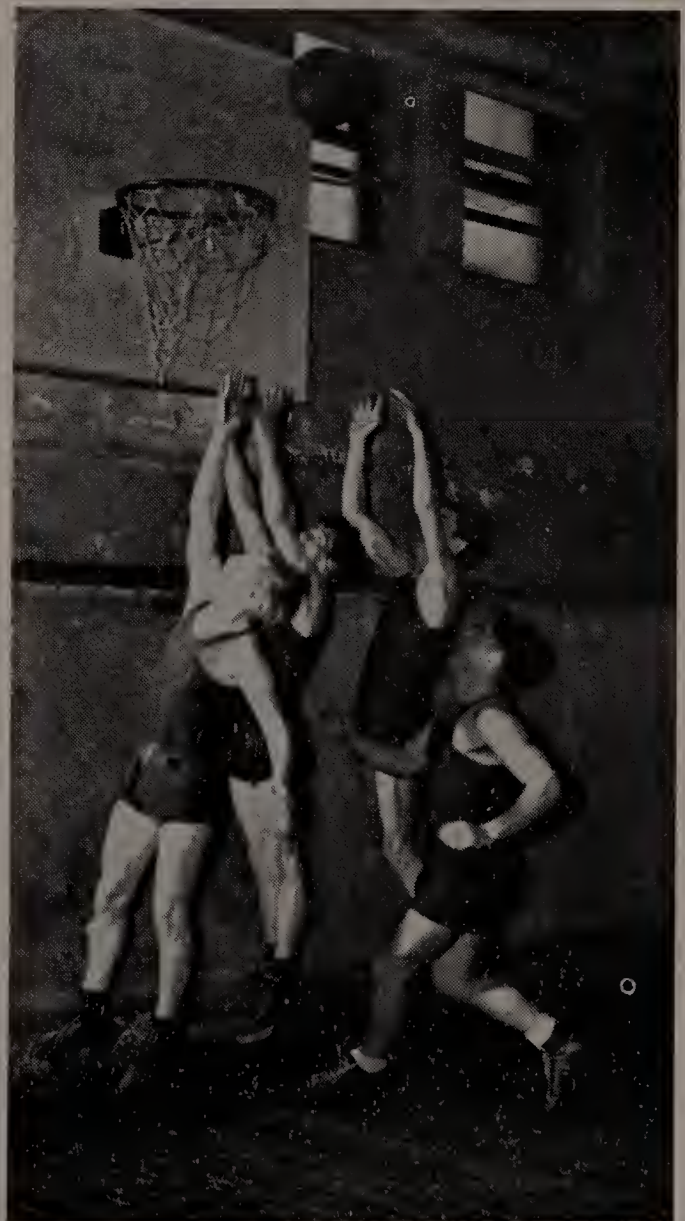
Helen Polichnowski, '41

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Coach Cavalieri called the members of the boys' basketball team for practice early in December. A very small squad answered the call. After several practice sessions a first team was picked from the following to represent the school. Bob Sullivan is the captain of this year's team. The other members of the A team are Wm. Lafond, Paul Routhier, George Hayes, Chester Crampton; B team, Frank Stewart, George

Barker, Daniel Valpey, Joe Willis, and William Gillouly.

When there was a game arranged for a second team they were selected from the B squad. Due to the scarcity of basketball talent the boys did not enjoy as much success in the win column as their predecessors, but nevertheless they gave a good account of themselves and the opposition always knew they were in a basketball game. The team was playing fine basketball at the end of the season, winning their last two games by good margins. In the Lowell Suburban League the Johnson team had a record of five wins and seven losses to finish ahead of Tewksbury and Wilmington. Chelmsford won the league title with 12 wins and no losses.



The final league standing:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chelmsford	12	0	1.000
Howe	8	4	.667
Dracut	7	5	.583
Burlington	6	6	.500
Johnson	5	7	.417
Tewksbury	4	8	.333
Wilmington	0	12	.000

The season's record:

Johnson	36	Alumni	32
Johnson	37	Wilmington	15
Johnson	27	Andover J. V.	52
Johnson	18	Methuen	39
Johnson	24	Dracut	35
Johnson	13	Cent. Catholic	10
Johnson	16	Burlington	39
Johnson	36	Howe	31
Johnson	13	Chelmsford	36
Johnson	19	Tewksbury	24
Johnson	25	Chelmsford	35
Johnson	30	Wilmington	15
Johnson	16	Dracut	20
Johnson	17	Methuen	33
Johnson	25	Howe	37
Johnson	21	Punchard	27
Johnson	18	Cent. Catholic	31
Johnson	23	Tewksbury	15
Johnson	35	Burlington	26
—	—	—	—
Total	449		552

WILMINGTON

January 1, 1941

The team started its season at Wilmington by defeating the home team 37 to 15 in an uninteresting game. William Lafond was high scorer with 16 points and Bob Sullivan was runner-up with 15 points.

February 14, 1941

Johnson won the second contest which was played on the home court by a score of 30 to 15. Routhier excelled for Johnson and Kelly played well for Wilmington.

ANDOVER J. V's

January 6, 1941

The team met its first defeat at the hands of a fast Andover J. V. team by the score of 52 to 27. The game was played in the Andover cage. Bob Sullivan was high scorer with 12 and William Lafond was runner-up with 11.

METHUEN

January 22, 1941

Methuen had a very good team and the Johnson boys could do little in the line of scoring. The game ended 39 to 18 in favor of Methuen. The scoring was divided as follows: Sullivan 6 points, Routhier 4 points, Hayes, Lafond, Barker and Stewart 2 points each. Myette was high scorer for Methuen with 14 points. The Johnson second team bowed to Methuen.

BURLINGTON

January 31, 1941

Johnson was outclassed by Burlington on their home court by the score of 39 to 16. Thornstensen of Burlington was the outstanding player of the evening with 20 points, while Lafond, Sullivan and Routhier played well for Johnson.

In their second game Johnson avenged the defeat at the hands of Burlington to win the second contest 35 to 26. The Johnson boys were playing good basketball at this time and would not be denied.

HOWE

February 4, 1941

On their fourth game Coach Cavalieri's boys encountered Howe High of Billerica. The game was played on their home court. The game at the half was 25 to 20 in favor of Howe. The Johnson boys came back in the third and fourth periods to win a close game, 36 to 31.

Captain Bob Sullivan, Bill La-

fond and Paul Routhier each scored 12 points, while Richardson and Houlne played well for Howe.

In their second game Howe took Johnson into camp by the score of 37 to 25. This game was played at Billerica. At no time were the Howe boys in danger. Newman was high scorer for Howe with 16 points and Routhier for Johnson with 10 points.

CHELMSFORD

February 11, 1941

On their second meeting Chelmsford won for the second time, 35 to 25. While Chelmsford couldn't boast of as good a team as last year they were plenty good enough to come through again as champions. Lafond was high scorer for Johnson with 16 points, and Sullivan was runner-up with 9 points. Doole and Zabiereli each scored 12 points for Chelmsford.

CHELMSFORD

In their fifth game of the season Johnson met Chelmsford High School at Chelmsford and were defeated by a score of 36 to 13. The Johnson boys were at a loss to stop the fast and snappy Chelmsford quintet. The home boys will always be at a loss to cope with a good passing team as their home court does not allow them to get any practice in passwork. This game proved that beyond a doubt, and the Chelmsford team were never threatened.

TEWKSBURY

In the sixth game of the league season Tewksbury entertained Johnson and won 24 to 19. The game was closely played throughout. Routhier was high scorer for Johnson, and Decimas played well for Tewksbury. When these teams met for the second time Johnson was

playing much better basketball and would not be denied. They won, 23-15. The game was interesting from start to finish.

DRACUT

February 18, 1941

The Johnson boys lost their first league game to Dracut on the latter's court. The first quarter ended 7 to 0 in favor of Dracut. The score of the game at the half was tied at 7 all. Dracut put on the pressure in the third and fourth periods and scored 28 points to Johnson's 17 to win the game 35 to 24. They again showed superiority by winning the second contest on the North Andover floor by a score of 20 to 16. Bob Sullivan with 8 points and Schiripo with 13 points were high scorer for their respective teams.

PUNCHARD

February 22, 1941

Johnson and Punchard played an interesting game of basketball on the holiday, Johnson losing 27 to 21. Bob Sullivan injured his knee early in the game and retired at the half. Routhier and Lafond were outstanding for Johnson, while Yancy and Manning played well for Punchard.

CENTRAL CATHOLIC

Johnson journeyed to Lawrence and handed Central their first defeat, 13-10. It was a seesaw game that had the spectators on edge from start to finish.

When they met for the second time at the Johnson cage the Central boys would not be denied and won 31-18.

Lafond collected a total of 11 points and O'Brien of Central scored 21 points.



HOWLERS



A small boy was having a difficult time buttoning his coat when a teacher saw him. She started to help him. "My," she said, "this is hard to button. Did your mother hook it for you?"

"No," he cried. "She bought it."
—*Junior Review*

"Is this Joe?"

"Sure this is Joe."

"Doesn't sound like Joe."

"It's me, all right."

"Can you lend me \$10, Joe?"

"I'll ask him as soon as he comes in."—*Capper's Weekly*.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Umpire—A country that has control of other countries in various parts of the world.

Macaroni—Inventor of the telegraph.

Massacre—A costume party.

Haddock—A pain in the head.

Caboose—An Indian baby.

Goiter—Something to hold stock ings up.

—*Boys' World*

"My shaving brush seems stiff," complained hubby.

"I wonder why?" answered wifey. "It was all right when I painted the bird cage with it this morning."

—*Boys' Life*

Angry Mother: "So you've been fighting again! How did it start this time?"

Son: "By Harry's kicking me back."—*Scholastic*.

Dentist: "Stop making faces. I haven't touched your tooth yet."

Patient: "I know, but you're standing on my corn."

—*Jeffersonian*

"Why do you wear such loud socks?"

"Because I hate to have my feet keep going to sleep in class."

—*American Boy*.

Officer (to couple in parked car): "Don't you see that sign, 'Fine for Parking?'"

Driver: "Yes, officer, and I heartily agree with it."

"What are you trying to do?" asked the passerby of a drunken man who was knocking on a lamp post.

"I want to get in," replied the drunk.

"But you can't get in there," said the passerby.

"Why not?" asked the drunk, still knocking. "They're still up. The light's on!"—*Scholastic*.

Sergeant: "Did you shave this morning, Draftee?"

Draftee: "Yes, sir."

Sergeant: "Well, next time stand closer to the razor."—*Scholastic*

Science Professor: "What happens when a body is immersed in water?"

Co-ed: "The telephone rings."

Scholastic

Boy: "Since I met you I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink."

Girl (Coyly): "Why not?"

Boy: "I'm broke."

Why won't a bicycle stand alone?
Because it is too-tired.

Boys' World

Said Fibber McGee (on the radio)
reporting on a mythical trip to Cuba:
"I came, I saw, I Conga'ed."

—*Scholastic*

"How can you keep eating at the
fraternity house?"

"Oh, I just take a tablespoon of
Drano three times a week."

THE PHYSICS PROBLEM

I

A hard physics problem is not very
nice,
A brass calorimeter, water and ice;
Some steam at one hundred degrees
centigrade,
At what temperature is the mixture
that's made?

II

Miss Chapman keeps saying,
"They're not difficult,"
But why is it we cannot get the
result?
We check and we figure and some-
times repeat,
The thermometer surely must tell the
wrong heat.

III

First it was levers, and now we have
water,
When we get to electrons I think I
will totter;
Mirrors, and sound waves, and
motors draw near,
But our old friends, the problems,
have always been here.

John Greenler, '41

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